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*The* EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE  
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



*Queen's University at Kingston*





Jesse's?

## DR. CHINIQUEY TO SENATOR TASSÉ.

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### A TERRIBLE RESPONSE.

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*To the Editor of the "Witness."*

Sir,—I have addressed to the *Minerve* a reply to its slanderous attacks upon me. That paper refuses me the justice to publish my vindication. I then demand of you that you, who have repeated these slanders to the world, will not refuse me the justice to publish my reply.

C. CHINIQUEY.

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*To the Editor of the "Minerve."*

Sir,—You expect, no doubt, that I will not let your article against me, in your issue of yesterday, be left unanswered and you will be satisfied.

You cannot find words vile enough to express your contempt for my priestly life. Well, I must confess before God and man, to-day again, what I have confessed a thousand times before the disciples of the Gospel, not only on this continent of America, but all over Great Britain and in the Australian colonies, that, during twenty-five years, I was a priest of anti-christ, when it had been my intention and the ardent desire of my heart to be the priest of Christ.

I had to learn by heart the infamous questions which the Church of Rome forces every priest to learn by heart.

I was, in conscience, as all your priests are, bound to put into the ears, the mind, the imagination, the heart and the souls of females, questions of such nature, the immediate and direct



tendency of which is to fill the minds, the memory and the hearts of both priests and penitent with thoughts, phantoms and temptations of such a degrading nature that there are no words adequate to express them.

Pagan antiquity has never known any institution more polluting of the soul and body than the Roman Catholic auricular confession. No, there is nothing under heaven more corrupting than the law which forces a female to tell her thoughts, desires, and most secret feelings and actions to a bachelor, an unmarried man. Let him be called priest or monk, it makes no difference. Your priests may deny that before you; they will never dare to deny it before me.

Now, my dear sir, if you look upon me as a degraded priest, because my heart, my soul, my mind, as those of all your priests, were plunged into those bottomless waters of iniquity which flow from the confessional, I confess guilty. I was polluted, and I was polluting the souls of my female penitents just as every priest has to do every day. It has required the whole blood of the great victim, who died on Calvary, for you and for me, and for all the sinners, to purify me. And I pray that you and all your priests who are required to live in the same pestilential atmosphere may be purified through the same blood.

But now that, by the great mercy of God, I have been taken away from the ways of perdition in which Rome was forcing me to walk with all her priests, I have no fear to be confronted with you or any of my other small or big slanderers. Many times, since that, I have challenged my bitterest enemies to find anything in my life for which an honest man must blush.

Without any boasting, I can say that there has never been any priest in Canada so constantly cherished, honored and respected by the priests, the bishops and the people as I was. It is a public fact that I was brought in triumph from one parish to the other from the remotest part of lower Canada to the shores of Lake Huron.

There is not a great city, not a small town, not a cathedral in the province of Quebec or Ontario, to which the bishops have not

invited me to address the people; and the churches, even your immense Notre Dame Church, of Montreal, were never large enough to receive the people who wanted to hear me. I do not say those things in boasting, but only to show to you and your readers how our dear countrymen, people, priests, and bishops, were kind to me.

The power given to me to hear the confessions and to preach everywhere were greater than those given to any other priest. In 1850, after I had been a priest seventeen years, two years after I had left my parish of Kamouraska, in order to establish the temperance society all over Canada, when my bishop of Quebec, the Right Rev. Baillargeon, went to Rome, he came to meet me in Longueuil and requested me to address a letter with my book on temperance to the Pope, through him, that he might present it himself to the sovereign pontiff—and when he had presented it he wrote me a letter, which is still in my hand, and which I will be much pleased to show you, if you desire to see it. In this letter my bishop tells me these very words :

ROME, Aug. 10, 1850.

Sir and Dear Friend,—It is only this 10th that it has been given me to have a private audience with the Sovereign Pontiff. I have taken that opportunity to present to him your book, with your letter, which he has received, I do not say with that goodness which is so eminently characteristic, but with all special marks of satisfaction and of approbation, while charging me to state to you that he accords his apostolic benediction to you, and to the holy work of temperance which you preach.

I esteem myself happy to have had to offer, on your behalf, to the Vicar of Christ, a book which, after it had done so much good to my countrymen, has been able to draw from his venerable mouth such solemn words of approbation of the temperance society, and of blessing on those who are its apostles; and it is also, for my heart, a very sweet pleasure to transmit them to you.

Your friend,

CHARLES T. BAILLARGEON.

Do you really believe that such things could have occurred from my bishop if, as my slanderers say, to-day, my previous conduct had been that of a vile man when I left my dear parish of

Kamouraska, in order to spread the principles of temperance all over Canada. Then, that bishop would have been the vilest of men.

But you will ask me, with many of my other slanderers ; ‘ Have you not been interdicted in 1851 by the Bishop of Montreal, a few days before you left Canada for the United States ? ’

I will tell you, yes, sir ; the Bishop of Montreal pretended to have suspended me then. But I will give it to you to judge if that fact is not one of the most glorious of my life, and one for which I must bless God for ever. For my integrity has never been more clearly shown than in that circumstance.

That sham interdict, which was a nullity by itself—for its want of form, of justice and of foundation, had been kept by the Bishop, and for good reasons, a secret in Canada as well as in the United States. By his immediate and subsequent acts the Bishop had given me the evidences that he was regretting his error, and was trying to repair it and make me forget it. But not long after I left the Church, to my surprise, the Bishop of Montreal said that he had interdicted me, and that he was inviting me to publish the reasons of my interdict. It was the best opportunity that the providence of God had offered me to prove my innocence and the incredible excess of folly and tyranny of this Bishop of Rome. Without delay, I accepted the challenge, and published through the French-Canadian press the following letter, which forever confounded the poor Bishop. He has never been able to reply, though it was so important for his honor, and the interests of his Church, that he should have replied to it :

ST. ANNE, April 18th, 1857.

*To Monseignor Bourget.*

My Lord,—In your letter of the 19th March you assure the public that you have interdicted me, a few days before my leaving Canada for the United States, and you invite me to give the reasons of that sentence. I will satisfy you. On the 28th September, 1851, I found a letter on my table from you, telling me that you had suspended me from my ecclesiastical offices, on account of a great crime that I had committed, and of which I was accused. But the name of the accuser was not given, nor the



nature of the crime. I immediately went to see you, and protesting my innocence. I requested you to give me the name of my accusers, and to allow me to be confronted by them, promising that I would prove my innocence. You refused to grant my request.

Then I fell on my knees, and with tears, in the name of God, I requested you again to grant me to meet my accusers and prove my innocence. You remained deaf to my prayer and unmoved by my tears ; you repulsed me with malice and airs of tyranny which I had thought impossible in you.

During the twenty-four hours after this, sentiments of an inexpressible wrath crossed my mind. I tell it to you frankly, in that terrible hour, I would have preferred to be at the feet of a heathen priest, whose knife would have slaughtered me on his altars to appease his infernal gods, rather than be at the feet of a man who, in the name of Jesus Christ, and under the mask of the gospel, should dare to commit such a cruel act. You had taken away my honor—you had destroyed me with the most infamous calumny—and you had refused me every means of justification. You had taken under your protection the cowards who were stabbing me in the dark !

Though it is hard to repeat it, I must tell it here publicly : I cursed you in that horrible day !

With a broken heart, I went to the Jesuit College, and I showed the wounds of my bleeding soul to the noble friend who was generally my confessor, the Rev. Father Schneider, the Director of the College.

After three days, having providentially got some reasons to suspect who was the author of my destruction, I sent some one to ask her to come to the College without mentioning my name.

When she was in the parlor, I said to Father Schneider : ‘ You know the horrible iniquity of the Bishop against me—with the lying words of a prostitute he has destroyed me ; but please come and be the witness of my innocence.’

When in the presence of that unfortunate woman, I told her : ‘ You are in the presence of God Almighty and two of his priests. They will be the witnesses of what you say ! Speak the truth. Say in the presence of God and of this venerable priest, if I have ever been guilty of what you have accused me to the bishop.’

At these words, the unfortunate woman burst into tears ; she concealed her face in her hands, and with a voice half suffocated with her sobs, she answered ; ‘ No, sir, you are not guilty of that sin !’

‘Confess here another truth,’ I said to her, ‘Is it not true that you had come to confess to me more with the desire to tempt me than to reconcile yourself to God?’

She said, ‘Yes, sir, that is the truth.’ Then I said again, ‘Continue to say the truth, and I will forgive you, and God also will forgive your iniquity. Is it not through revenge for having failed in your criminal design, that you have tried to destroy me by that accusation to the Bishop?’

‘Yes, sir, it is the only reason which has induced me to accuse you falsely.’

And all what I say here, at least in substance, has been heard, written and signed by the Right Rev. Father Schneider, one of your priests, and the director of the Jesuit College. That venerable priest is still living in Montreal; let the people of Canada go and interrogate him. Let the people of Canada also go to the Rev. Mr. Brassard, who had also in his hands an authenticated copy of that declaration.

Your Lordship gives to understand that I was disgraced by that sentence, some days after when I left Canada for Illinois. Allow me to give my reasons for differing from you in this matter.

There is a canon law of the Church which says; ‘If a censure is unjust and unfounded, let the man against whom the sentence has been passed pay no attention to it. For, before God and his Church, no unjust sentence can bring any injury to any one. Let the one against whom such unfounded and unjust judgment has been pronounced even take no step to annul it, for it is a nullity by itself.’

You know very well that the sentence you have passed against me was null and void for many good reasons; that it was founded on a false testimony. Father Schneider is there ready to prove it to you, if you have any doubts.

The second reason I have to believe that you had yourself considered your sentence a nullity, and that I was not suspended by it from my ecclesiastical dignity and honors, is founded on a good testimony, I hope,—the testimony of your Lordship himself.

A few hours before my leaving Canada for the United States, I went to ask your benediction, which you gave me with every mark of kindness. I then asked your Lordship to tell me frankly if I had to leave with the impression that I was disgraced in your mind? You gave the assurance of the contrary.

Then I told you that I wanted to have a public and irrefutable testimony of your esteem.

You answered that you would be happy to give me one, and you said, ‘What do you want?’ ‘I wish,’ I said, ‘to have a

chalice from your hands to offer the holy sacrifice of the mass the rest of my life' You answered, 'I will do that with pleasure,' and you gave orders to one of your priests to bring you a chalice that you might give it to me. But that priest had not the key of the box containing the sacred vases; that key was in the hands of another priest, who was absent for a few hours.

I had not the time to wait, the hour of the departure of the train had come; I told you: 'Please my lord, send that chalice to the Rev. Mr. Brassard, of Longueuil, who will forward it to me in a few days to Chicago.' And the next day, one of your secretaries went to the Rev. Mr. Brassard, gave him the chalice you had promised me, which is still in my hands. And the Rev. Mr. Brassard is there still living, to be the witness of what I say—and to bring that fact to your memory if you have forgotten it.

Well, my lord, I do believe that a Bishop will never give a chalice to a priest to say mass when he knows that that priest is interdicted. And the best proof that you know very well that I was not interdicted by your rash and unjust sentence is, that you gave me that chalice as a token of your esteem and of my honesty, etc.

Respectfully,

C. CHINQUY.

Ten thousand copies of this terrible exposure of the depravity of the Bishop were published in Montreal! I had asked the whole people of Canada to go to the Rev. Mr. Schneider, and to the Rev. Mr. Brassard to know the truth. The Bishop remained confounded. It was proved that he had committed against me a most outrageous act of tyranny and perfidy; and that I was perfectly innocent and honest, and that he knew it, in the very hour that he tried to destroy my character, sending this wicked woman to corrupt me. Probably the Bishop of Montreal had destroyed the copy of the declaration of the poor girl he had employed; and thinking that this was the only copy which I had taken of her declaration of my innocence and honesty, he thought he could speak of the so-called interdict, after I was a Protestant. But in that he was cruelly mistaken.

By the great mercy of God, three other authenticated copies had been kept, one by the Rev. Mr. Schneider himself, another by the Rev. Mr. Brassard, and another by one whom it is not necessary to mention—and then he had no suspicion that the

revelation of his unchristian conduct, and of his determination to destroy me with the false oath of a prostitute, were in the hands of too many people to be denied. The Bishop of Chicago, whom I met a few days after, told me what I was well aware of before: 'that such a sentence was a perfect nullity in every way, and that it was a disgrace only for those who are blind enough to trample under their feet the laws of God and men to satisfy their bad passions.' And no doubt you will be of the same mind, if you are an honest man.

But to show you that the Bishop of Montreal himself never thought that his unjust sentence had any effect, and that he himself never lost his good opinion of me, I also publish for your perusal the letter he gave me the day that I left Canada. These are his words:—

October 13th, 1851.

I cannot but thank you for what you have done in our midst, and in my gratitude towards you I wish you the most abundant benedictions of heaven. Every day of my life I will remember you. You will always be in my heart, and I hope that in some future day the Providence of God will give me some opportunity of showing to you all the gratitude I feel for you.

† IGNACE,

*Bishop of Montreal.*

I ask you, Will ever a bishop say to a priest, in a written document, signed with his own hands, 'I cannot but thank you for what you have done in our midst'—if that priest has been an immoral, a bad priest?

Does not the Bishop who writes such words acknowledge that he was wrong in his previous hasty and unfavorable judgment?

Would the intelligent editor of the *Minerve*, if he were the Bishop of Montreal, write to a priest, 'I cannot but thank you for what you have done in our midst. In my gratitude towards you I pray God to pour his most abundant blessings upon you,' if he knew that that priest is an immoral and wicked man. No, never; nor will you give a chalice to an interdicted priest to say mass the rest of his life.



Is it so that, as long as a priest is in your midst, he may be the most depraved man, a public scandal, a murderer of souls, yet the Bishop will like him, honor him, and overload him with every kind of public and private marks of respect. But when he leaves them to become a Protestant, then they pour out on him their scorn and abuse ! By their own confession have they not done this to me ? If I was an immoral man when a priest of Rome, how is it that the bishops have known it only after I had left their church ? And if I were an immoral man when in their midst, why is it that the bishops from the beginning to the end of my career, gave me so many public and private marks of esteem and respect ? If they had done so, are they not confessedly worse than what they call me ?

In 1838 the Bishop of Quebec gave me the important parish of Beauport. In 1842 he placed me at the head of a still more important parish of Kamouraska,

In 1849 the Bishop of Montreal, in a public document, puts me in the most exalted position that a priest has ever got, he calls me 'the Apostle of Temperance of Canada,' and one of his best priests. The same year he induces the Pope to send me a magnificent crucifix. In 1850 he invites the people of Montreal from his pulpit, in his cathedral, to come with the Hon. Judge Mondelet, to present me a gold medal, as a public token of his respect and gratitude for me. In 1851—the day that I left Canada—he writes me that what I have done in his diocese, when working under his eyes, has filled him with gratitude ! And the same man, after I had left the Church of Rome, says that I was an immoral priest—an interdicted and suspended priest !—and that, on the testimony of a prostitute, who afterwards declared that she had made a false oath to revenge herself, because she had not been able to persuade me to commit a crime with her !

If what I declare of the infamous conduct of the Bishop had not been correct, and if the recantation of that unfortunate female, in the presence of the Rev. Father Schneider, had not been correct also, how easy it would have been for the Bishop to confound me forever, by bringing that superior of the Jesuit College as a witness of my imposture ! And how it would have been an imperative duty



in Father Schneider, when he saw his name publicly and in the public press committed with a fact so degrading to the Bishop, to come forward and publish that what I had said was forgery ! Then Chiniquy would have been for ever and so easily confounded. But such has not been the case. The poor Bishop had to pay publicly for his infamous conduct towards me, and he was left without any means of escape. If you are honest, it is not on Chiniquy that you will turn your scorn ; it is on the man who, forgetting all the laws of justice, of God and men, had united his efforts to those of a perjured prostitute, to destroy his innocent victim. And if you are not honest enough to see and understand this, what have I to care about your scorn ?

Now let us say another word about the other interdict by Bishop O'Regan. And I tell you boldly, that if anything can be considered an honor by any man, it is to have deserved the wrath of so publicly depraved a man. Though he never interdicted me (he only threatened to do it) he found fit to publish that he had done it. But in his letter of Nov. 20, 1856, where he publicly gives the reasons of that so-called sentence, he somewhat deranges the plan you have, my dear sir, to make people believe that it was on account of immorality. In that letter the Bishop says : ' His obstinate want of submission—his excessively violent language and conduct—oblige me to suspend him ! '

I thank and bless God who gave me the strength to say some great truths to that most immoral and tyrannical bishop. He was such a wicked man that several priests, among whom I was one, wrote to the Pope about his bad conduct ; and the Archbishop of St. Louis, and many other bishops, having brought also serious complaints against that man, his diocese was taken away from his hands, and he got a bishopric in '*partibus infidelium*,' which, you know very well, means a bishopric in the moon—and the place was just fit for the man.

The sentence was never served on me in any way. The Church allowed me to pay no attention to it ; and the subsequent excommunication having been brought by three priests, who at the time, were beastly drunk, and not being signed by the Bishop nor

any of his grand vicars or known deputies, I was bound by the laws of the Church not to pay any attention to it. The Rev. Mr. Desaulniers and the Rev. Moses Brassard having come, some time later, from Canada to enquire about those matters and reconcile us to the Bishop, declared before more than five hundred people that we 'could not be blamed for having paid no attention to that sentence, which was evidently and publicly against all the known laws of the Church.'

But I have no bad feelings against that unfortunate man, who died five years after. It is the contrary. His abominable life, his vices, his complete want of principles, which forced the bishops of the United States to denounce him to the Pope—who condemned him at the end—have helped me much, by the mercy of God, to know what the Church of Rome has been, what she is, and what she will be till the great day that God will open the eyes of her poor slaves and bring them to the feet of Jesus, who will make them free with his word and pure with his blood.

Read the following declaration of that same Bishop to four deputies sent to him by the people of St. Anne just two days before our excommunication. That declaration, signed by four Roman Catholics, is under oath, before the civil tribunal of Kankakee;—it is the best refutation of your slanderous article against me.

Bishop O'Regan gave the deputation a written response, which was published in Canada, at the time, in the leading papers.

The Bishop was waited upon, on the 27th day of August, 1856, and presented the following reply:—

1st. I suspended Mr. Chiniquy on the 19th of this month.

2nd. If Mr. Chiniquy has said mass, since, as you say, he is irregular; and the Pope alone can restore him in his ecclesiastic and sacerdotal functions.

3rd. I take him away from St. Anne, despite his prayers and yours, because he has not been willing to live in peace and in friendship with the Revs. M. Lebel and M. Cartvel, although I admit they were two bad priests, whom I have been forced to expel from my diocese.

4th. My second reason for taking Mr. Chiniquy away from Ste. Anne, to send him in his new mission, south of Illinois, is to stop the lawsuit Mr. Spink has instituted against him ; though I cannot warrant that the lawsuit will be stopped for that.

5th. Mr. Chiniquy is one of the best priests of my diocese, and I do not want to deprive myself of his services ; no accusations against the morals of that gentleman have been proved before me.

6th. Mr. Chiniquy has demanded an inquest to prove his innocence of certain accusations made against him, and has asked me the names of his accusers to confound them ; I have refused it to him.

7th. Tell Mr. Chiniquy to come and meet me—to prepare himself for his new mission, and I will give him the letters he needs, to go and labor there.

Then we withdrew and presented the foregoing letter to Father Chiniquy.

FRS. BECHARD,  
J. B. L. LEMOINE,  
BASILIQUE ALLAIR,  
LEON MAILLOUX.

Now, my dear sir, before taking leave of you allow me a little friendly advice.

When you argue with a Protestant, even one whom you call an apostate, never make a personal question of a principle, if you wish to make people think that you have the right side, and that the irrefutable arguments are in your favor. For the very moment you give up the arguments on the question, to drag your adversary on the ungentlemanly and unchristian ground of personal injuries and slanders, you lose your cause in the mind of an intelligent people. A man who has good reasons to support his cause, and strong arguments has never recourse to those personalities and hard names which you have used.

The question is not to know who has committed most sins against the decalogue, but whether it is true or not that the Church of Rome has forsaken the word of God, the Gospel of Christ, in order to preach her lying traditions.

If you could prove that when I was a priest of Rome, I was as criminal as David, and as weak as Samson ; a perjurer as Peter,

or a blind persecutor as Paul, this will not at all prove that I have not done well to leave the Pope in order to follow Christ. It is just the contrary. The more wicked I was in the Church of Rome, surrounded as I was, and as you are to-day, by the most pestilential atmosphere, and having before my eyes the example of a concealed, though most horrible corruption, in high quarters, as well as among my equals, the more imperative was the duty for me, as for you, to go out of those ways of perdition.

Do you know, my dear sir, to what I have been tempted when writing this letter? The thought has come to my mind to publish, not all (for it would be too terrible,) but a part of what I know of the inside, and almost incredible corruption of Rome! To give, for instance, a part of the history of that Grand Vicar who was guilty of an unmentionable crime, and was never interdicted; of that other dignitary whose conquests were so numerous in Montreal that the ground became too hot for him, and who was not interdicted but kindly invited to go to another place. The history of that good bishop also who, for five years, kept a fine young man in his house as his confidential friend, and who had to send that faithful servant, with £500, to the United States, when a very interesting circumstance proved that the fine young man was a fine young girl! 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.' I was also tempted to give to the public some very interesting details from the memoirs, not of poor Father Chiniquy (though he has some memoirs also), but from the memoirs of one of the most respectable bishops of Rome, Bishop de Riccy, where it is often said and proved 'that the nuns of Italy are the wives of priests.' Happy celibataires indeed! I had some very interesting things also which you have known, no doubt, of those three good priests in a diocese not many miles from here, who made a very interesting voyage with three young ladies, and were so kindly treated by the Holy Church of Rome, that one of them is now hearing the confessions of the good nuns of the City of Three Rivers, and the two others are in a very exalted position in the Diocese of Montreal.

My intention, after having given you the correct history of those respectable and venerable priests of Rome, was to ask you, in a

friendly way, without bitterness, why the bishops should have been so hard against me, when they were so kind to others ?

No living man knows better than I do the clergy. I have been fifteen years travelling amongst them. I have seen the inside as well as the outside of your walls. For many years I have been a serious observer of men and things ; and every day, I have put down in my book notes which would make many knees shake in the midst of the priests of Rome. I do not say they are all wicked and depraved. Thanks be to God I have found among them men who would have been almost as pure as angels, if the confessional had not been there as a snare to pollute their noble hearts. But I have known enough to startle the world, if I had not more charity for my old friends of Rome than many of them have shown to me, since God in his infinite mercy has given me the light and the truth as it is in Jesus. If you honor me with an answer, I will be proud and happy to meet you as a gentleman on some of those high grounds of historical or theological truths and errors about which we differ. But give up that unmanly and unchristian way (which is too much the use of Roman Catholics) of speaking of the real or supposed personal sins of an opponent. We are all more or less great sinners, and are far too apt to see the straw in the eyes of our poor neighbor, while we do not see the beam which is in our own.

Though you have been a little hard on your old countryman. I feel grateful to you for having given me the opportunity of explaining many things which I hope it will be good to my friends to hear.

Now, farewell—au revoir. Allow me to call myself your fellow-sinner and your devoted brother in Christ.

C. CHINIQUEY.

P.S.—In my next I will meet some of your other charges against me.—C. C.



## SECOND LETTER OF DR. CHINIQUEY TO MR. TASSE.

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*To the Editor of the 'Minerve.'*

Many people ask me why I do not prosecute you for slander, when I have such a good opportunity. I answer them that, instead of damaging, you have rendered the greatest service to the cause to which I have consecrated my life.

From the very moment I understood Romanism as it is, I felt that my duty was to warn the world against the dangers ahead from it. Like the man who, some time ago, saw a railway train, rushing at full speed towards a river whose bridge was just broken, he took a red flag and cried to the engineer : ' Stop ! stop ! There is a broken bridge ahead ! '

Too many Protestants have shut their ears to my voice. But, thanks to the *Minerve*, they understand, to-day, that Romanism is the broken bridge where the rights and liberties brought by Christ from heaven, to save the world will perish. Yes, they know that Rome, to-day, is just the same implacable enemy of the rights of men, the same implacable enemy of liberty of conscience as she was when she deluged Europe with the blood of millions of Protestants.

' Let Chiniquy disappear from our sight ! '—*Minerve*, Jan. 11.

A few days before our Saviour was put to death, he told his disciples that they would be dealt with by the enemies of his gospel, just as he was himself. ' The servant is not above his master. If they have persecuted me they will also persecute you.' (John xv.)

I knew and expected that, when I left the Pope to follow Christ—and I have not been mistaken.

At the feet of Calvary, the priests of the Jews, asking his death, had said : ' Away with this man ! '

The priests of the Pope, through the *Minerve* of Jan. 11, are crying, 'Let Chiniquy disappear from our sight!'

I consider it a great honor that the sentences are expressed almost in the same words against our dear Saviour and against me his unworthy servant. The prophecy is fulfilled against me to-day, as it has been fulfilled thousands and thousands of times against the followers of the Gospel who have preceded us.

'Away with these men! Let them depart,' said Pope Gregory XIII. and Charles IX. against the disciples of the Gospel, and 75,000 of them were slaughtered in a few days!

'Away with them! Let them disappear from our sight!' said Louis XIV., to obey the Pope and his Jesuit confessor, Pere Lachaise, and 200,000 Protestant French families were lost to our fair France. More than one million of old men and women and defenceless children perished when running away, during the dark nights, towards the lands of exile; more than two million of Protestant French men had to choose between giving up their gospel or spending the rest of their lives in the galleys or in the prisons.

'Away with them! Let them disappear from our sight!' said all the priests, the bishops, the Jesuits of France, and a multitude of defenceless young women were torn from their houses and shut up in the tower of Aigues-Mortes (which is still in existence) for their whole life, when their husbands were sent to the galleys for the awful crime of having been married by Protestant ministers!

'Away with them! Let them disappear from our sight' said the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church of Rome, and bands of dragoons were lodged in every house of the principal Protestants of France. After having eaten and destroyed all that could be eaten and destroyed in thousands and thousands of places, these dragoons hung the men and women by the hair of the head, or by the feet, to the roofs of the chambers {or to the racks of the chimneys, and, there, smoked them with wisps of wet hay till they were unable to bear it: and when they took them down, if they refused again to submit to the Church, they hung them up again. They threw them on great fires kindled on purpose and pulled

them not out till they were half roasted. They tied rope under their arms and plunged them again and again in wells from whence they would not take them up till they had promised submission to the Church. They stripped them naked and, after offering them thousands of unmentionable indignities, they stuck them with pins from head to feet. They lanced them with pen-knives, and with red hot pincers took them by the nose until they promised to turn Romanists. They kept them from sleeping eight or ten days together by relieving one another night and day to keep them still waking. They plucked off the nails from the hands and toes, etc.

‘Away with them ! Let them disappear from our sight,’ said the cruel Church, and the holy inquisitors reddened Italy, Spain, France, England, Netherlands, Hungary—the whole of Europe with the blood of ten millions of martyrs.

My task has been made easy now by the *Minerve*. In my efforts to open the eyes of the sleeping Protestants of America and Europe to the concentrated hatred of Rome against all the great principles of liberty of conscience which are written with the blood of Christ in the Gospel, I will have only to say :—Read the *Minerve* of Jan. 11, 1894. You will see the sentence of Rome pronounced against Chiniquy and Papineau : ‘Let them disappear from our sight.’ Compare these words of the present bishops and priests of the Pope speaking to you through their organ, with those of the deicide priests of the Jews of Jerusalem, ‘Away with that man !’ and tell me if it is not absolutely the same language, the same want of honesty, the same diabolical hatred of all the great principles of justice and equity without which the nations are nothing but brutish slaves and wild savages.’

You call me a sacrilegious man because I have smashed the wafer. But, please, read the second commandment of God, and you will see that it is forever forbidden to take a created thing, put an image upon it and change it into God.

Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, even, had not that power. It was forbidden by His Father.

When he said : ' This is my body—this is my blood,' he added, ' Do this in remembrance of me.' It is only a remembrance of his body, his blood.

Do you not remember that Moses took the gold calf, which Aaron had turned into a god, and pulverized it and forced the Jews to drink that powder mixed with their drinking water that they might understand the folly of believing that a man could make a god with his own hands ? Do you blame Moses for having given that lesson to his people ? No. Then, you cannot blame me when I did the same thing to show to our dear countrymen that the priests and the bishops and the popes of Rome cannot make their god with a little cake.

Do you really believe that your famous Guyhot had the power to force Jesus Christ as God and man to come down every morning into his dirty hands to be dragged right and left in his vest or pants pockets at his will ? No, sir, you do not believe that. Why, then, do you help your priests to deceive our people on this matter ?

By turning a wafer into God every morning, your Church has brought back the old idolatry of paganism.

The Iroquois and other savages whom Jacques Cartier found in the forests of Canada were worshipping gods made with stones, wood and bones of fishes. This was surely idolatry. Your priests make their god with a wafer and a glass of wine ! Is it not the same idolatry ?

Now, let us come to my marriage with Miss Eufhemie Allard ! But, before saying a word on that interesting affair, let me tell you that Mrs. Chiniquy, with my dear daughters, just as myself, have been much amused with your impotent rage.

It is evident that had you the power, in a few days there would be an *auto-da-fé*, in the public square of Montreal, where poor old ex-priest Chiniquy, with his sacrilegious wife and miserable daughters, would be tied to a post and burned into ashes, as your Church of Rome has done thousands and thousands of times in the days of her glory.

What a delightful hour for your piety, when hearing the crackling of my bones on your rack, before my being burnt into ashes—and what a glorious day for your priests, when they would have heard the agonizing cries of my wife and daughters, from the midst of the flames!

But there is a glorious flag floating to the breeze over our dear Canada, and on that flag we read, written with the blood of millions of heroes, 'Liberty of conscience!'

Under its protection we do not fear you. We know you are a coward, brave only when you insult a lady and a man eighty-four years old. Your rage is powerless, for you know there are millions of hearts beating in unison with ours, all over Canada.

Yes, you are right when you say I had made a vow never to marry. But, thanks be to God, I have thrown that impious vow overboard, with all the rags put on my shoulders by your apostate church.

Do you really think that Herod did well to have the head of John the Baptist cut off at the demand of the daughter of the infamous Herodias, because he had made a public promise to give her anything she would ask him? No! You know very well that the promise, or the oath of Herod was a nullity—it was a rash, a criminal oath—and its fulfilment was still more criminal.

Now, sir—if there is a rash, foolish, and criminal vow, it is the one taken by your clergy, never to marry.

That vow is in direct opposition to the first command of God to Adam and Eve, and to their children:

'It is not good for man to be alone'—Genesis, ii. God knew well what he was saying when he made that law. He has never withdrawn it.

The vow of celibacy is of pagan origin. It is an anti-social, an immoral, an anti-Christian vow. There is not a single word in the holy scripture to support it.

The priests of Bacchus were tied by that vow, and the priests of Buddah are obliged to take it. I know that. But Paul says positively, 'To avoid sin, let every man have his wife, let every woman have her husband.' I. Cor. chap. ix.



Every man is free to remain unmarried as long as he wishes. But no man has a right to make a vow never to marry. The moral as well as the physical powers of a man are not the same every day. A man can well know what heavy burden he can carry on his shoulders to-day, but he does not know if he will be strong enough to carry the same burden all his life.

The imprudent and blind young man who makes that vow when 21 or 22 years old, as a general thing, knows nothing about the nature, the difficulties, the obligations of his engagement, and this ignorance makes his vow a nullity—by all the laws of God and man.

Rome acts evidently the part of the devil when she encourages a young man to take that vow, by offering him, as his reward, the glories, honors, and privileges of her priesthood.

Read the lives of your Popes written, not by Protestants, but by some of your most noted Roman Catholic historians, as Cardinal Fleury, and the Cardinal Baronius, and you will learn that the vows of celibacy of your Priests, Nuns, Bishops and Popes are nothing else but a sacrilegious *farce*. It is from the pages of those Roman Catholic historians and cardinals that we learn that Marozia, lived in public concubinage with the Pope Sergius, III., and that she got him raised to the so-called chair of St. Peter by her influence. She had also from that Pope, a son of whom she made a Pope after the death of his Most Holy (?) Father.

The same Marozia and her sister, Theodora, put on the Pontifical throne another one of their lovers, under the name of the Most Holy Pope (?) Anastasius III., who was soon followed by John X.

It is a public fact, that that last Pope, having lost the confidence of his concubine Marozia, was strangled by her order.

It is also a fact of public notoriety that his holy (?) follower, Leo VI., was assassinated by her, for having given his heart to another woman, still more degraded.

The son whom Marozia had by Pope Sergius, was elected Pope, by the influence of his mother, under the name of John XI., when not sixteen years old! But, having quarelled with the

enemies of his mother, he was beaten and sent to gaol, where he was poisoned and died.

In the year 936, the grandson of the prostitute Marozia, after several bloody encounters with his opponents, succeeded in taking possession of the Pontifical throne under the name of John XII. But his vices and scandals became so intolerable, that the learned and celebrated Roman Catholic Bishop of Cremorne, Luitfrand, says of him: "No honest lady dared to show herself in public: for the Pope John had no respect either for single girls, married women, or widows; they were sure to be defiled by him, even on the tombs of the holy apostles, Peter and Paul."

That same John XII. was instantly killed by a gentleman, who found him committing the act of adultery with his wife.

It is a well-known fact that Pope Boniface VII. had caused John XIV. to be imprisoned and poisoned, and when he, soon after, died, the people of Rome dragged his naked body through the streets, and left it, when horribly mutilated, to be eaten by dogs, if a few priests had not secretly buried him.

Study the history of the celebrated Council of Constance, called to put an end to the *great schism*, during which three popes, and, sometimes four, were, every morning, after their masses, cursing each other and calling their opponents anti-christs, demons, adulterers, sodomists, murderers, enemies of God and man.

As every one of them was infallible, according to the last Council of the Vatican, we are bound to believe that they were correct in the compliments they paid to each other.

One of those holy (?) popes, John XXIII., having appeared before the council to give an account of his conduct, he was proved by thirty-seven witnesses, the greater part of whom were Bishops or Priests, of having been guilty of fornication, adultery, incest, sodomy, simony, theft and murder. It was proved also by a legion of witnesses, that he was guilty of having seduced and violated 300 nuns. His own secretary, Wiem, said that he had, at Boulogne, kept a harem, where not less than 200 girls had been the victims of his lubricity.

And what could not we say of Alexander VI.? That monster who lived in public incest with his two sisters and his own daughter—Lucretia, from whom he got a child.

Pope Pius IX. was the public father of three bastards, one of them from a nun.

When a priest, I had read that, but I could not believe it. But when Revs. Brassard and Desaulnier arrived from Rome, they told me that this was not only true, but they assured me they had seen two of them. The Pope, Gregory XVI., was living in almost a public concubinage with the wife of his own barber.

But, I must stop,—I have said enough to show to the editor and the readers of the *Minerve*, that the Popes themselves are the living and infallible proof that the celibacy of Rome is a fraud, a diabolical institution, a snare invented in hell, and made use of in their church to better keep the priests as vile slaves at their feet. These facts, which you cannot deny, prove also that your popes are a fraud—your celibacy a fraud—and your church a greater fraud, if possible.

Mr. Tassé assures us that the marriage of a Roman Catholic priest is an act of comedy. If that sentence is correct, must he not acknowledge that his Church is ruled by comedians of the vilest stamp?

If he feels happy and at home in the company and under the guidance of those comedians, he is welcome to continue to enjoy their performances. For myself, I have seen enough of those abominations; I have left those comedians, in order to follow the Apostles of Christ who were all married according to the testimony of Paul, who says:

‘Have we not the power to eat and to drink? Have we not the power to lead about a sister, a wife as well as the other apostles, and as the brethren of Christ and Cephas?’—I. Cor. ix., 4, 5.

So long as I live the life of these apostles and the very brothers of Christ, in the holy bonds of a Christian marriage, I cannot be more troubled by the insults from the *Minerve* and the fulminations of the apostate church of Rome than the traveller is by the cries of the harmless frogs he meets along the road.

You say that I have insulted the blessed Virgin Mary. This is another unmitigated falsehood invented by the priests. I believe with all the disciples of the Gospel that Mary, the Holy Mother of Christ, according to the flesh (Rom. i., 3) is the most blessed woman who has ever existed. I believe she has the highest throne—and the richest crown in heaven. But I believe that there is only one name which we must invoke to be saved—and that name is not Mary, but Jesus (Acts iv., 12.) I believe it is a most blasphemous name to give her when she is called ‘the Mother of God.’

Our great God can have no mother. He had created Mary. He has no beginning, and he will have no end. To call Mary the Mother of God is to put her above God. It is a crime, a religious lie. I say that the Church of Rome with all her poor slaves are blaspheming and absolutely giving up the gospel of Christ when they call the Virgin Mary ‘the only hope of sinners.’ For ‘Christ is the only hope of sinners.’ I say, with Christ himself, that he is the door, the only door of heaven, and that the Church of Rome with all her followers, without excepting Mr. Tassé, blaspheme and deceive themselves when they say in their daily prayers ‘Mary is the door of heaven.’

The *Minerve* turns me into ridicule for calling myself a martyr. This is another unmitigated falsehood invented by the priests of Rome. I never called myself a martyr. But I have said, that the stones which poor, blind Roman Catholics have many times thrown at me to obey their priests, were as hard as those which struck Paul. I have not been struck less than twenty times with stones. In Antigonish, July 10, 1873, I was struck with many stones, and lost so much blood that I could hardly stand on my feet, when Mr. Cameron, a merchant of the place, opened me the door of his house, at the risk of his own life. One of the stones which missed me struck the head of the Rev. Mr. Goodfellow, Presbyterian minister of Antigonish. He fell on the ground, his face in the mud. Though I was myself bleeding profusely I helped him to rise up, to stand on his feet and throw himself, with me, into the house of that good Samaritan. But we were besieged in



that house from ten o'clock in the evening till three in the morning by several hundred Roman Catholics, who many times threatened Mr. Cameron to set fire to his house if he would not give me up into their hands that they might hang me at his door. After breaking all the windows, several times they put ladders to the walls in order to reach the upper room, where they knew the doctor was giving me and the Rev. Mr. Goodfellow his care. Once they came very near to put a rope around my neck and drag me to the window. They were prevented by two young men, who fought bravely to save my life. There are many witnesses still living to those facts. The Presbytery of Halifax, against my advice, has prosecuted some of those would-be murderers during nearly a whole year. But the guilty ones have escaped the chastisement of the law, through their false oaths. However, they have not escaped that of God, for several of them died the most deplorable deaths before the end of the year. There were five priests in the midst of those poor blind people, encouraging them to kill me. The Rev. Mr. Goodfellow never recovered completely from the wounds he received that night. After a few years of intense sufferings, he died, a real martyr.

At the end of the month of August, 1869, I was attacked by a furious mob of Romanists in the streets of Charlottetown. It was in the night, when, accompanied only by a few friends, I was going to take the steamer for Pictou. Mrs. Chiniquy and one of my daughters were struck as well as myself. They fainted—and in the midst of a true rain of stones, when the air was filled with the most horrible cries: 'Kill them! kill them! . . .' Bruised and wounded, we took refuge in a hotel which was on our way. But we were again besieged there, till the police came to our rescue.

On the 6th of August, 1886, after giving an address in the thriving town of Montague, Prince Edward Island, when sleeping in the house of one of the elders, Mr. MacLeod, the Roman Catholics attacked the house with stones which would have surely killed me, if, by the providence of God, the would-be-murderers had not made a mistake—by going to the room next to mine.



As there was nobody in the bed of that room where the stones were thrown, nobody was killed. The only damage was that the splendid window glasses were smashed. But, at noon, when I was almost alone on the deck of the steamer, some Roman Catholics came to attack me. One of them gave me such a blow that one of my big teeth was broken. I fell unconscious on the deck, where I lost a great deal of blood. Many people wanted me to prosecute the man, whose name was W. Esmonds, who had so cruelly wounded me. I refused to do it, remembering that my Saviour had not prosecuted those who had struck him, but he had forgiven them.

It would be too long to give the history of the other times I have been stoned and bruised in Quebec, Montreal, Halifax, Ottawa, etc. But this is enough to show that the Rome of to-day is the same Rome which has shed the blood of millions of Protestants in England, France, Italy, Spain, Netherlands, Hungary, etc.

Not able, as they wish, to take away the life of Mr. Papineau and mine, the priests of Rome, through their organ the *Minerve*, try to take away our honor. And to show their impotent rage they pronounce a sentence of death and proscription against us both.

‘Let Chiniquy disappear! (*Minerve*, Jan. 11.) As regards the Papineaus, there will be no longer any terms severe enough to connect with their names.’ (*Minerve*, Jan. 11.)

Yes! the names of thieves, pirates, murderers are not strong enough to express the crime Mr. Papineau has committed when he left the Church of the Pope in order to connect himself with the Church of Christ; and, of course, the punishments of penitentiary for life, or death, deserved for those thieves, pirates and murderers are nothing compared with the chastisements which ought to be inflicted on those two great criminals Chiniquy and Papineau.

Let the ministers of the gospel as well as the Protestants of Canada and the United States; let the Protestants of the whole world write those sentences on the walls of their houses.

For it is as well against them all as against Papineau and Chiniquy, that they were proclaimed by the *Minerve*.

Romanism can be, and I hope it will be destroyed by the infinite power of God. But it cannot be reformed or changed. By proclaiming herself infallible, the Church of Rome says: She is the same to-day as she was yesterday, and as she will be till the great day when the angels of God will sing on her smoking ruins. "Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!"

I know that, here and there, some of her Priests and Bishops, and even some of her Popes utter eloquent words about their love for fair play—equality—liberty!

But these words are only to throw dust into the eyes of the Protestants and put them out of their guard.

Those protestations, in favor of liberty, equality, are just as the perfidious friendly demonstrations of Judas, when he kissed Christ and saluted him as his Master. This was done only to better betray Him into the hands of the executioners.

That the readers may understand that I do not exaggerate, allow me to cite some of the sentences lately proclaimed by the highest authorities of the Church of Rome:—

"The Church is of necessity intolerant. Heresy she endures "when and where she must, but she hates it, and directs all her "energies to destroy it."

"If Catholics ever gain a sufficient numerical majority in the "Country, religious freedom is at end! So our enemies say, so we "believe."—*The Shepherd of the Valley*—Official Journal of the Bishop of St. Louis.

"No man has the right to chose his religion. Catholicism is "the most intolerant of creeds. It is intolerance itself. We "might as rationally maintain that two and two does not make "four, as the theory of religious liberty. Its impiety is only "equalled by its absurdity.—*New York Freeman*, (Official Journal of Bishop Hughes, 1852.)

"The Church is instituted, as every catholic, who understands "his religion, believes, to guard and defend the right of God "against any and every enemy, at all times, and in all places. "She, therefore, does not, and cannot accept, or in any degree favor "liberty, in Protestant sense of liberty.—*Catholic World*, April, 1870.

“Protestantism has no right, and it cannot have any right, where catholicity has triumphed. Therefore, we lose the breath we expend in reclaiming against bigotry and intolerance and in favor of liberty, or the right of man to be of any religion as best pleases him.”—*Catholic Review*, June, 1865.

“Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite can be carried into effect without peril to the Catholic Church.”—Rt. Revd. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburgh.

“The Catholic Church numbers one-third the American population, and if its membership shall increase, for the next thirty years, as it has the thirty years past, in 1900 Rome will have a majority and be bound to take this country and keep it. There is, ere long, to be a state religion in this country, and that state religion is to be the Roman Catholic.”

1st. “The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendancy in this Country.”

2nd. “All legislation must be governed by the will of God, unerringly indicated by the Pope.”

3rd. “Education must be controlled by Catholic authorities; and, under education, the opinions of these individuals, and the utterances of the press are included, and many opinions are to be forbidden by the secular arm, under the authority of the Church, even to war and bloodshed.”—Father Hecker, *Catholic World*, July, 1870.

“It was proposed that all religious persuasions should be free and their worship publicly exercised. But we have rejected this article as contrary to the canons and councils of the Catholic Church.”—Pope Pie VII. Encyclical, 1808.

“Though heretics must not be tolerated because they deserve it, we must bear with them till, by a second admonition, they may be brought back to the faith of the Church. But those, who after a second admonition, remain obstinate in their errors, must not only be excommunicated, but they must be delivered to the secular power to be exterminated.”—“St. Thomas Aquina Summa Thologia,” vol. 4, page 90.

Romanism is a perpetual conspiracy against all the principles of liberty, equality, and fair play which Christ has brought from heaven to rule the nations and save the world.

Proscription, extermination, death, are the only three words which express what the Church of Rome understand by liberty of conscience.

And this is indelibly written in the pages of history with the blood of ten millions of martyrs.

C. CHINIQUEY.

DR. CHINIQUEY

TO

MGR. LYNCH, ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. ANNE, KANKAKEE COUNTY, ILLINOIS,

June 22, 1884.

*To His Lordship Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto :*

MY LORD :—The 12th inst., I promised to answer your letter of the 11th, addressed to the Rev. Moderator and to the Ministers of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. I come, to-day, to fulfil my promise, with the help of God.

I had accused your church to believe and say that she has received from God the power to kill us poor heretics. I said that if you do not slaughter us, to-day, in Canada and elsewhere, it is only because you are not strong enough to do it. I said, also, that where the Roman Catholics feel strong enough, they do not think it a sin to beat, stone or kill us when they can do it without any danger to their own precious lives.

I said that your best theologians teach that heretics do not deserve to live, and that your great Saint Thomas Aquinas, whom your church has lately put among "the Holy Fathers," positively declares that one of the most sacred rights and duties of your church is to deliver the heretics into the hands of the secular powers to be exterminated.

As I expected, you have bravely denied what I said on that subject. In your reply, you complain that the quotations I made of St. Thomas, on that subject, are not correct.

Here is my answer to your denegations. I have the works of St. Thomas just now on my table. I will copy word for word what he says in Latin, and translate it into plain English, respectfully asking your lordship to tell the Canadian people whether or not my translation is correct :



“Quamquam hæritici tolerandi non sunt ipso illorum demerito, usque tamen ad secundam correptionem expectandi sunt ut ad sanam redeant Ecclesiæ fidem. Qui vero, post secundam correptionem, in suo errore obstanti permanent, non modo excommunicationis sententia, sed etiam sæcularibus principibus extermandi tradendi sunt.”

## TRANSLATION.

“Though heretics must not be tolerated because they deserved it, we must bear with them till, by a second admonition, they may be brought back to the faith of the Church. But those who, after a second admonition, remain obstinate in their errors, must not only be excommunicated, but they must be delivered to the secular power to be exterminated.” (St. Thomas Aquinas, 4th v., page 90.)

At the page 91, he says: “Though heretics who repent must always be accepted to penance as often as they have fallen, they must not, in consequence of that, always be permitted to enjoy the benefits of this life. . . . When they fall again, they are admitted to repent. . . .

But the sentence of death must not be removed.” (St. Thomas, v. 4, page 91.)

Your lordship has the just reputation to be an expert man. You then know that, in such solemn questions as are discussed just now, the testimony of only one witness does not suffice—I will then give you another testimony to prove the unpalatable truths which I proclaimed in the presence of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, viz: That we poor heretics are condemned to death, and are declared unworthy to live side by side with our Roman Catholic neighbors. That testimony will, no doubt, be accepted as good and sufficient by the people of Canada, if not by you, since it is the testimony of your own infallible church, speaking through the Council of the Lateran, held in 1215:

“We excommunicate and anathematize every heresy that exalts itself against the holy orthodox and Catholic faith, condemning all heretics, by whatever name they may be known—for though their faces differ, they are tied together by their tails. Such as are condemned are to be delivered over to the existing

secular powers, to receive due punishment. If laymen, their goods must be confiscated. If priests, they shall be degraded from their respective orders and their property applied to the use of the church in which they officiated. Secular powers of all ranks and degrees are to be warned, induced, and if necessary, compelled by ecclesiastical censures, to swear that they will exert themselves to the utmost in the defense of the faith, and extirpate all heretics denounced by the church who shall be found in their territories. And whenever any person shall assume government, whether it be spiritual or temporal, he shall be bound to abide by this decree.

“If any temporal lord, after having been admonished and required by the church, shall neglect to clear his territory of heretical depravity, the Metropolitan and Bishop of the province shall unite in excommunicating him. Should he remain contumacious a whole year, the fact shall be signified to the Supreme Pontiff, who shall declare his vassals released from their allegiance from that time, and will bestow his territory on Catholics, to be occupied by them, on the condition of exterminating the heretics and preserving the said territory in the faith.

“Catholics who shall assume the cross for the extermination of heretics, shall enjoy the same indulgences and be protected by the same privileges as are granted by those who go to the help of the Holy Land. We decree further, that all who may have dealings with heretics, and especially such as receive, defend and encourage them, shall be excommunicated. He shall not be eligible to any public office. He shall not be admitted as a witness. He shall neither have power to bequeath his property by will, nor to succeed to any inheritance. He shall not bring any action against any person, but any one can bring action against him. Should he be a judge, his decision shall have no force, nor shall any cause be brought before him. Should he be an advocate, he shall not be allowed to plead. Should he be a lawyer, no instrument made by him shall be held valid, but shall be condemned with their author.”

I could give you thousands of other infallible documents to show the exactness of what I said of the savage, anti-social, anti-Christian, and bloody laws of your Church, in all ages, against the heretics, but the short limits of a letter make it impossible.

Those proofs are fully given in my book, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," which is now published.

I suppose you will answer me, "Have not heretics also passed such bloody laws!" Yes, they have passed such cruel laws; but they have borrowed them from you.

When those nations came out from the dark dungeons of Popery, they could not see the light, at first, in its fulness and in all its beauty. It took some time before they could cure themselves from the putrid leprosy which centuries of life inside the walls of the modern Babylon had engendered everywhere. But you know as well as I do that these remnants of Popery have been repudiated more than a century ago by all the Christian churches. Every year since it has been my privilege to be a Presbyterian, I have heard a constant and unanimous protest against those laws of blood and persecutions. They are kept in our records only as a memorandum of the bottomless abyss into which the people were living when submitted to the Pope. But you know well, my lord, that all those laws of blood and death have been sanctioned in your last Council of the Vatican in your Church. It was declared, then, that you are forever damned if you have any doubt about the rights and the duty of your Church to punish the heretics by bodily punishment.

But, my lord, let us forget, for a moment, the numberless and undeniable proofs which I might bring to the remembrance of your lordship, to make you blush for having denied what I had said about the unmanly, un-Christian principles which regulate the Roman Catholic Church toward the Protestants, when you have your opportunity. The providence of God has just put me in possession of a fact too public to be ignored or denied even by you.

You know how the Roman Catholics of Quebec have given the lie, with a vengeance, to your denials. You know how more than 2,000 good Roman Catholics came with sticks and stones to kill me, the 17th of this month, because I had preached in a Presbyterian Church on the text, "What must I do to have eternal life?" More than one hundred stones struck me, and if I had not providentially had two heavy cloth overcoats, one to protect my shoulders and the other put around the head to weaken the force and the weight of those stones, I would surely have

been killed on the spot. But though I was protected by those overcoats, my head and shoulders are still as a jelly and cause me great suffering. A kind friend, Mr. Zotique Lefebvre, B.C.L., who heroically put himself between my would-be murderers and me, to protect my life at the risk of his own, came out from the broken carriage with six bleeding wounds on his face.

The city of Quebec is known to be the most Roman Catholic city in America, and perhaps in the whole world, without excepting Rome itself. Its population has the well earned reputation to be moral, peaceful, respectable and religious, as they understand those words among the Roman Catholics. The people who stoned me were not a gathering of a low-bred mob; it was composed of well-dressed men, many with gold spectacles; it was not composed of drunkards; there was not a single drunken man seen by me there; they were not, of course, what is called "liberal Catholics," for those "liberal Catholics," though born in the Church of Rome, have a supreme contempt for the dogmas, practices, and teachings of the priests. Those "liberal Catholics" who, thanks be to God, are fast increasing, are only nominally Catholics—they remain there because their fathers and mothers were so; because, also, they want to attract the people to their stores, sell their pills, or desire to be elected to such and such offices by the influence of the priests. They laugh at your mitre, for they know it is nothing but the old bonnets of the priests of Bacchus, representing the head of a fish. Those liberal Catholics are disgusted with the bloody laws and practices of the Church of Rome; they would not, for anything, molest, insult, or maltreat a heretic. Those liberal Catholics are in favor of liberty and conscience. But the clergy hate and fear them. Had this class of liberal Catholics been numerous in Quebec, I would not have had any trouble. But Quebec is, with very few exceptions, composed of true, real, sincere, devoted Catholics. They believe sincerely, with your grand St. Thomas, and with your Roman Catholic Church, that heretics like Chiniquy have no right to live; that it is a good work to kill them.

This riot of Quebec, seen with the light of the teachings of St. Thomas, the Councils of Lateran, Constance and the Vatican, show that your letter to the General Assembly of our Presby-



terian Church is one of the greatest blunders that your lordship has ever made. The dust you wanted to throw into the eyes of my Presbyterian brethren is all on your face to-day, as dark, hideous spots. Your friends sincerely feel for your misfortune.

For, my lord, there is a voice in the stones thrown at me; there is a voice in the bruises which cover my shoulders and my head, there is a voice also in the blood shed by the friend who saved my life at the peril of his own, which speaks louder and more eloquently than you, to say that you have failed in your attempt to defend your church against what I said at the General Assembly.

That you may better understand this, and that you may be a little more modest hereafter on that subject, I send you by the hands of the Venerable Secretary of our General Assembly, the Reverend Mr. Reid, D.D., one of the hundreds of stones which wounded me, with a part of the handkerchief reddened with the blood of Mr. Zotique Lefebvre, B.C.L., who received six wounds on his face, when heroically standing by me in that hour of supreme danger for my life.

Please look at that stone, look at that blood also; they will teach you a lesson which it is quite time that you and all the priests to learn. They will tell you that your Church of Rome is the same to-day as she was when she slaughtered the hundreds of thousands of Piedmontese with the sword of France; that stone and that blood will tell you what every one knows, among the disciples of the Gospel, that your church of to-day is the very same church which planned the massacres of St. Bartholomew, the gunpowder plot, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the death of more than half a million of French Huguenots on their way to exile. That stone and that blood will tell you that your church to-day is the same as she was when she lighted the five thousand auto-da-fés, where ten millions of martyrs lost their lives in all the great cities of Europe, before God raised the German giant who gave it the deadly blow you know.

Please, my lord, put that stone and that blood in one of the most conspicuous places of your palace, that you may look at them when the devil will come again to throw you into some ignominious and inextricable slough, as the one into which you fell in your courageous but vain attempt to refute me.



When that father of lies will try again to make use of your pen to deny the bloody laws and bloody deeds of your church, you will tell him, "Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written in our most approved book of theology, St. Thomas, that 'we must exterminate all the heretics.' Get thee hence, Satan; for you will not any more induce me to call old Chiniquy insane, for saying that our church is as bloody as ever; for it is written in the Council of Lateran that those who arm themselves for the extermination of heretics are as blessed by God as those who went formally to the rescue of the Holy Land."

Yes, my lord; keep that stone and that blood before your eyes, and when I or somebody else will again warn the disciples of the Gospel against the dangers ahead from Rome, you will not compromise yourself any more by writing things which are not only against all the records of history, but against the public teachings of all your popes, your councils and your theologians.

With that blood before your eyes, the devil will lose much of his power over you and be forced to give up his old tactics of making you deny, deny, deny, the most evident facts and the most unimpeachable records of history.

My dear Bishop Lynch, before taking leave of you this day, allow me to ask a favor from your lordship. If you grant it, I will retract what I have said of the anti-social and anti-Christian laws and practices of your church.

Let your lordship say anathemas to the Councils of Constance and Lateran for the decrees of banishment and death they passed over all those who differed in religion from them. Tell us, in plain and good English, that you condemn those Councils for the burning of John Huss, and the blood they caused to be shed all over Europe, under the pretext of religion; tell us that those Councils were the greatest enemies of the Gospel, that instead of being guided by the spirit of God, they were guided by the spirit of Satan, when they caused so many millions of men, women and children to be slaughtered for refusing to obey the Pope.

And when you will have condemned the action of the depraved men who composed those Councils, you will honestly and bravely declare that your Thomas Aquinas, instead of being a saint, was

a bloody monster, when he wrote that the Church of Christ is to deliver the heretics to the secular power to be exterminated !

Tell us also, that the present Pope Leo XIII. ought to be the object of the execration of the whole world for having lately ordered that that bloody monster's theology should be taught in all the colleges, academies, seminaries and universities of the Church of Rome, all over the world, as the best, truest and most reliable exponent of the doctrines of the Church of Christ.

If you grant me the favor I ask, we will believe that your lordship was honest when you denied what I said of the savage, cruel and diabolical laws and practices of the Church of Rome toward the heretics. But if you refuse to grant my request, we will believe that you are still, in heart and will, submitted to those laws and practices, and that you tried to deceive us, after having deceived yourself, when you presented your bloodthirsty church with the rose colors we find in your letter to our General Assembly.

In my next, I will give you the proofs of what I said about the idolatry of your church, and, with the help of God, I will refute what you said to defend her practices.

Truly yours,

C. CHINIQUY.









